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AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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E.G. CANN

"HE SAW HIS LITTLE BOY FOLLOWING HIM."

(See article next page.)

FOOTPRINTS.

(To our frontispiece.)



All leave our footprints in the sands of time, in which those over whom we exercise an influence will follow. This is generally admitted, but seldom really understood until some unexpected happening brings home the truth to our own hearts.

So it was with Mr. Wilkins. He was not converted, but he was not a so-called bad man. He would smoke, drink in moderation, play his game of cards, and was generally fond of ease and pleasure. His wife was a good Christian, and would often entreat him to seek Christ, but in good-natured patience with her exhortations, he would say, "Oh, I am not bad, and stand no good a chance of going to heaven as other fellows."

In vain she would urge him to consider his example upon his child, who would do like him when older—smoke, drink, play cards, etc.—but who might not be able to restrain his appetite, and become a social wreck. On, no, he would vouch out for that, and not let his child look on in those things.

One winter's evening Wilkins was going to a place situated somewhat distantly and lonely, and to be reached only by a bad road, which was, however, invisible, as a heavy snowfall had covered the ground. He had not gone very far when he heard the tny, but penetrating, voice of his boy, calling after him in the dusk of the falling night. Turning round he saw the little fellow following him.

"How did you know the way?" cried the father.

"I followed in your footsteps, father. I knew them quite well, and they made walking quite easy for me," answered the boy.

These words, backed by the Holy Spirit, brought conviction to his heart, and he at once saw how dangerous it was to travel a different road to the one he wanted his boy to tread. He got saved and became an earnest Christian, often telling the story of how Jesus met him through his little boy.

Reader, what road are you travelling on? What manner of footprints are you leaving for others to be guided by? Remember your footprints will make it easier for somebody to travel in paths of righteousness or sin.

SOPH.

Facts of the Drink Foe.

It is stated that in Guinness's brewery, England, the capital is £5,000,000, and they employ 1,908 hands, including 276 clerks. The wages they pay is only £100,000 per year to the men. Their profit is £700,000. If the same capital were put into the cotton or woollen or boot trade, it would employ at least 40,000 hands.

In the principality of Waldeck, Germany, marriage licences are now refused to any individual who is actually drunk; and further, to enable anyone who has been a drunkard to obtain a licence, scientific evidence must be given of reformation to warrant its being granted.

To all earnest Temperance workers the words quoted from the "Wine and Spirit Gazette," the leading representative paper in the liquor trade in the United States, will lend new encouragement. It makes its confession in the following manner: "There is everywhere a growing prejudice against the liquor traffic."

It is reported of Professor Herkomer that during a recent lecture he unfortunately became unwell and had to retire for a few minutes. On his return a glass apparently containing something stronger than water was offered him. This he refused, explaining that having observed that many artists had been ruined by intemperance, he had from the first steadfastly set his face against intoxicating drink.

Treasures that Cannot be Lost.

THEY ARE NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—
These are not lost.

The happy dream that gladdens all
Our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more
Of truth;
The childhood faith, so tranquil and
so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet—
These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove
To win
Some wanderer from the ways of sin—
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for in Thy city
bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer
light;
And things long hidden from our gaze
below
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely
know
These are not lost.

THE LYRE V. THE LASH.

AN ODE TO ENCOURAGEMENT.

"They helped everyone his neighbor; and everyone said to his brother, be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil."—ISAIAH

WHEN Jubal smote his ringing lyre,
The delving sons of Adam lent
To the sweet sounds a list'ning ear,
And took from them Encouragement.

And Jabal, toiling o'er the plain,
To seek his straying sheep intent—
All weary with the noontide heat,
Piped for his own Encouragement.

So Tubal-cain, the man of might,
He, o'er his ringing anvil bent,
While his hammer's strokes on the glowing steel
Beat time to lyre's Encouragement.

The fathers of our suffering race,
Whose sweat and tears their cheeks besprent,
Received from Heaven the cheering lyre,
And Jubal harped Encouragement.

'Twas God's good gift to sin-cursed man—
He has ever good with evil bent,
And pre-ordained that labor should
Be lightened by Encouragement.

And from that time to present day,
When greatest grace or va our went,
'Twas not called forth by stinging lash,
But strains of sweet Encouragement.

On murderous guns and gleaming steel
Rushed forth the gallant regiment,
Inspired to victory or death
By trump and drum's Encouragement.

That crimson tipped fragrant flower,
Was not made so by chill winds sent;
But by soft showers and smiling suns—
It flourished 'neath Encouragement.

Dost see the lesson, comrade dear?
Art prone to words of harsh intent?—
Strike not with jangling lash, but smite
That silvery lyre, Encouragement.

To all, and each, and everyone
God's promises are freely sent;
Then let us each and everyone
Freely deal out Encouragement.

9.15. —The Officer.

PROVERBS IT WILL PAY YOU TO REMEMBER.

Each day has its care; but each care has its day.

Face to face clears many a case.

Fame is not found on feather beds.

He who buys bargains is often sold.

Idle people are dead people that you can't bury.

If God bolts the door do not get through the window.

Jaundiced eyes see all things yellow.

Fancy you are miserable and you are so.

As you think of others others will think of you.

Forgive every man's faults except your own.

Better suffer a great wrong than do a little one.

Gossiping and lying are brother and sister.

He who lives without fear shall die without hope.

If you command, and hope to be obeyed,
Observe yourself the laws yourself has made.

Live IN to-day, but not FOR to-day.

Clarity lives at home but walks abroad.

Don't be above your business nor below it.

In every beginning, think of the end.

Evil for good is devil-like,
Evil for evil is beast-like,
Good for good is man-like,
Good for evil is God-like.

Faith makes all things possible, and love makes them easy.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S COURAGEOUS CONFESSION.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling tells us how, in a concert hall in America, he saw two young men get two young girls drunk, and then lead them reeling down a dark street. Mr. Kipling has not been a total abstainer, nor have his writings commended temperance, but of that scene he writes:

Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a Prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without beer in public places, and content himself with averting at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to buy lager furiously at back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink.

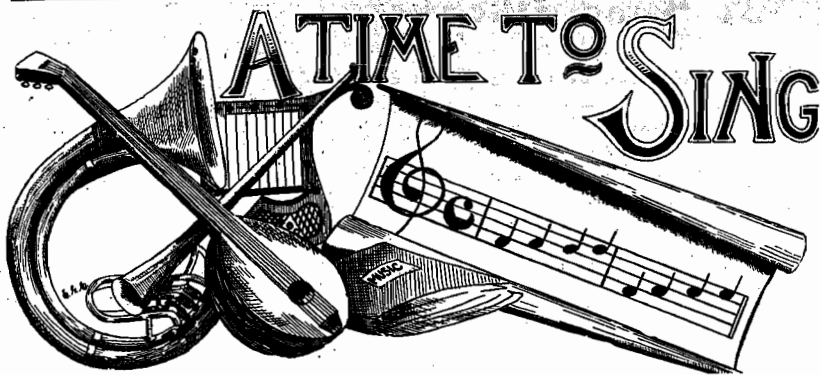
I have said, "there is no harm in it, taken moderately," and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary.

The stone-cutter gives blow after blow on the stone he is preparing. At first no result is visible to the eye, but he works patiently and steadily until the cutting appears in a beautiful design. So a fine character is formed by repeated acts of faithfulness and duty.

The sacrifices God loves best
Are broken hearts for sin oppressed.

Major A. Smetton, B. A. Temple, Albert St., Town
A small fee to cover expenses will be charged.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Since last report we have seen three souls seeking God for cleansing. Our crowds inside are not very large, but we hold good open-air. On Monday night the meeting is all in the open-air. On Saturday, July 1st, held a grand open-air in the afternoon, and also in the evening; the crowds were large and good order prevailed.—Trans. McPhee.



Thine for Ever.

Tunes.—Speak, Saviour, speak (B.J. 88); I will follow Thee, my Saviour (B.J. 1); When the Pearly Gates unfold (B.J. 142).

1 Lord, I'm Thine, yes, Thine forever.
I will always Thee obey;
None our fellowship can sever,
I will follow all the way.
Thou hast promised to sustain me,
And supply my every need,
Now I'm trusting Thee completely,
Thou wilt me to glory lead.

Chorus.

Thine, ever Thine,
No power our love can sever;
All that Thou hast is mine,
I'll do Thy will forever.

I may have severe temptations,
In the path of life below,
But Thou art my full salvation,
Thou art near to help, I know.
And though all may be against me,
Thou wilt keep me right within,
And Thou never wilt forsake me,
But wilt save me from all sin.

Lord, I'm Thine, yes, Thine forever.
I am trusting in Thy blood;
From all foes Thou wilt deliver,
Thou wilt make and keep me good.
Now Thy arms of love are round me,
And my cause Thou wilt defend;
And though Satan's hosts surround me,
Thou wilt keep me to the end.

Full, Present and Free.

Tunes.—Take salvation (B.B. 18); Blessed Jesus (B.J. 45, 3), Gospel news (B.J. 203, 1), Out on the ocean sailing (B.J. 227, 2).

2 Full salvation! full salvation!
Lo! the Fountals open wide,
Streams through every land and nation,
From the Saviour's wounded side.
Full salvation! full salvation!
Streams an endless crimson tide.

Oh, the glorious revolution!
See the cleansing current flow,
Washing stains of condemnation
Whiter than the driven snow.
Full salvation!

Oh the rapturous bliss to know!
Love's realtest current sweeping
All the regions deep within;
Thought, and wish, and senses keep-
ing.

Now and every instant clean,
Full salvation!
From the guilt and power of sin.

Care and don'ting, gloomy sorrow,
Fear and grief are mine no more!
Faith knows naught of dark to-mor-
row.

For my Saviour goes before,
Full salvation!
Full and free for evermore!

No Mistake About It.

Tune.—(M.S. Vol. 1, 60, B.J. 64).

3 Before I got salvation I was sunk
In degradation,
And from my Saviour wandered
far astray;

But I came to Calvary's mountain,
where I fell into the Fountals,
And from my heart the burden roll-
ed away.

Chorus.

'Twas a happy day, and no mistake,
when Jesus from my heart did
take,
The load of sin that made it ache,
and filled my soul with joy.

Since I have been converted, and the
devil's ranks deserted,
I've had such joy and gladness in
my soul!

For Jesus I've been fighting, and in
the War delighting,
And now I'm pressing on towards
the goal.

Jesus, My All.

Tune.—Nothing but the blood of
Jesus (B.J. 65, S.M. 11, 32).

4 I'm a soldier saved from sin,
Through the precious blood of
Jesus;

Jesus reigns my heart within,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Chorus.

Oh, precious is the flow, etc.

Jesus, Saviour! Thou art mine,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Fill me with Thy power divine,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Take me, Jesus, make me pure,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
May I to the end endure,
Cleanse me in the blood of Jesus.

I will trust in none but Thee,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Thy strong arm has set me free,
Glory to the name of Jesus.

—Secretary Marine,
Bear River.

Forgive Them, Father.

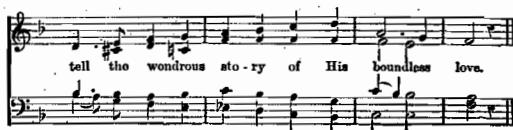
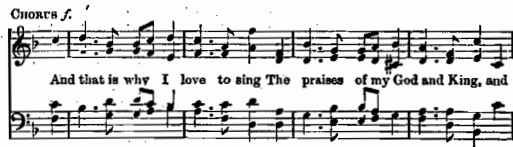
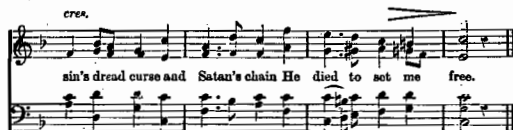
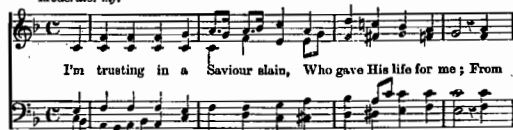
Tunes.—Stella (B.J. 25), Friend of
Sinners (B.J. 53).

5 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder
tree?

Why?

Moderato, mf.

F.S.



I'm trusting in my Risen Head
For guidance on my way;
By streams with living waters fed,
He leads me day by day.

I'm looking for my coming Lord
To take His power and reign
O'er man renewed, and earth restored,
And cleansed from every stain.

What means that strange expiring
cry?
(Sinners, He prays for you and me),
"Forgive them, Father, O, forgive,
They know not that 'by Me they
live!'"

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb:
Thee—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and
shame,
Thy Cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious life and death—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my
tears;

The story of Thy love repeat,
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quick'n'g
sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

Solo for Sunday Night.

GOD IS NEAR THEE.

—Tune.—God is near thee.

7 Afar from heaven thy feet have
wandered,
Afar from God thy soul has stray-
ed,
His gifts in sin thy hand hath
squandered,
Yet still in love He calls thee home.

Chorus.

God is near thee, tell thy story,
He will hear thy tale of sorrow,
God is near thee, tell thy story,
He will welcome thy return.

Thy feet have found sin's way is
thorny,
Thy heart has found its pleasures
vain,
Thou hast grown weary, and about
thee,
The gloom has spread of dark despair.

The broken heart the Lord will favor,
The contrite spirit He will bless,
He came to be the lost one's Saviour,
He came to be the sinner's Friend.

Tell out thy needs, and He'll befriend
thee,
Pour out thy heart's deep grief to
Him,
His boundless love, 'unmeasured
mercy,
His free forgiveness are for thee.

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